

WOMAN AND HER WAYS.

WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART.

How hard it is to make a man understand that a woman appreciates little polite attentions from him more than all the costly gifts he can possibly buy her. The heart of a real woman is easily touched, and a sharp, cross, sarcastic or downright rude speech from the man she loves cuts like a knife and leaves an impression that all his later sophistries fail to eradicate.

The masculine argument is that there is no occasion for a woman to droop and pine when she has everything that the world can give her, but how little he is able to gauge the untold trifling items that the world cannot give her, that he alone can bestow, and which in the giving costs him nothing, but makes her rich, indeed, so rich that she can smilingly look misfortune in the face, rejoice in sacrifice, soar superior to every trial and regard her lot the happiest among mortals.

In the rush and hurry of his business life a man forgets the curt reply, the brusque criticism or the absolute indifference indulged in by him before leaving for the day's work. Not so with the woman. Busy though she may be in her domestic affairs, she carries a heavy heart with her from one task to another, and the ready tears well to her eyes at the thought of what the man has forgotten all about by that time. Had he given her a word of praise, a lover-like look, a kiss not perfunctory, she would have blossomed forth as a rose in the sunshine, and the song in her heart would have been given utterance by her lips and nothing would seem hard or trying either to hands or brain.

If men could only understand that the women they love are like flowers, susceptible to every chill, but responding gratefully to every mark of attention, company manners would be worn more in the intimate relations of life, and there would be many happier women than at the present time exist.—Montreal Herald.

The "Gibson Girl."

There is scarcely a model in New York who has not claimed to have been the model of Charles Dana Gibson, but all future dispute will now end with the announcement that Mrs. C. D. Gibson will be the "Gibson Girl" for all time to come. The Gibsons were married in Baltimore four years ago, and Richard Hardening Davis, who had previously traveled in Europe with Mrs. Gibson, was one of the ushers. The wedding was attended by representative people from everywhere, and the young couple started out in life showered with rice and good wishes. It was at the home show, New York, that Miss Langhorne and Mr. Gibson met for the first time, she indifferently, and he fell in love at first sight. The courtship was a devoted one on his part, and finally at Mirador, the handsome country seat of the Langhorne family in Virginia, the engagement was announced. Those who followed Mr. Gibson's work at this time, when his style was being molded, declare that Miss Langhorne's face and Miss Langhorne's figure can be seen in all the Gibson pictures. Certainly the most unprejudiced can follow the splendid lines which are her chief charm; and can see the same magnificent pose of chin and head.

Lack of Exercise and Lack of Beauty. In some cases a poor complexion arises mainly from lack of exercise. Exercise gives rapidity to the movement of the blood, stimulates digestion and calms the nerves, and is frequently more beneficial than any sort of medicine, although it should not be indulged in immediately after meals. Physicians are beginning to recognize the fact that drugs are not the most potent restoratives, and that exercise, peace of mind, congenial society and recreation are not merely luxuries, but necessities, if good health is to be preserved. Toilet soap of inferior quality is extremely injurious to the complexion. Only the best soap should be employed, and that does not necessarily mean the soap most expensive. Pure glycerine or olive oil soap, unscented, is very good and not specially costly.

Shopgirl's Hard Lot.

Persons complain that shopgirls do not jump actively to wait upon them when they enter a store. Why not? The other day I saw a girl approach a respectably dressed woman of middle age (that's 35) and heard her ask, over the counter, "What would you like, ma'am?" To this polite attention I was shocked to hear the woman reply: "You shut up; don't you talk to me! I can ask for what I want, and I don't want any impudence from clerks!" A few rebuffs from such creatures are quite enough to cool the ardor of any shopgirl.—New York Press.

Girls Study Farming.

Fifty girl students have this year entered upon a full scientific course of farming at the agricultural college in

Minneapolis. Heretofore the opportunities afforded girls for study were confined to the few weeks of summer vacation allotted to the male students, but this year, as in others to come, one may assume, they are to enjoy full privileges with the men. It is supposed, if the experiment proves successful, that other States may be induced to follow the example set by Minnesota, and that henceforth farm life may present such unwonted attractions to farmer lads as to induce them to stay at home.—Youth's Companion.

Will Wed a Prince.

The engagement of Miss Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of Gen. Grant, to Prince Cantacuzene, of Russia, has been confirmed by Brig. Gen. Frederick D. Grant, her father. Gen. Grant has given his consent to the match. Miss Grant is 18 and the prince is 25. The couple met in Rome, five months ago.

The prince is an officer in the Czar's imperial guard, and is now attached to the Russian embassy at Rome. The wedding will take place next winter. The young woman is now abroad with her aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer. The young prince possesses vast estates to the east of Moscow, where he maintains a magnificent chateau. A member of the house of the prince was the Russian minister to the United States not many years ago.

Wrinkles Show Character. Wrinkles are the bane of their possessors, who will even resort to surgical operations to have them removed; yet others love them on faces that are dear. They are the marks of events and of character, and, much as we might like our own wrinkles removed, we could not spare one from the faces in the home circle.

These character wrinkles are needed to give expression as youth passes, but there are complexion wrinkles, and these are sometimes helped by care. Bathing, exercise, proper food—these are all helps, and the nightly application of an unguent keeps the skin pliable.

But the best preventive of all is, "Don't worry." The perpendicular wrinkles between the eyes come from two immediate causes: A need for glasses, which causes a strain on the eyes when reading or working; and a habit of puckering the brow from unconscious imitation of others. It is a noticeable fact that the blind are without these wrinkles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Woes of American Housewives. The English papers have discovered in some occult way that the servant girl problem has reached a crisis in the United States. They announce the formation of a Universal Domestic Servants' Union. Among the demands of this formidable organization—still, according to the English press—are minimum wages of \$16 a month, two weeks' holiday on full pay each year, one entire day a week "off," a special parlor where they may receive their friends, and relief from cleaning stairs and windows.

Those who have to nurse sick children should be very careful to wear a dress which does not rustle and shoes which do not creak. The bed should not be shaken, neither should the nurse fidget near it, so as to disturb and needlessly fatigue the invalid.

A child should never be discussed within his own hearing. Unfortunately it is that family where the little ones learn that they may appeal successfully from one parent to another, or where upon one falls the onus of every necessary denial or reproof, while the other stands sponsor for every pleasure and indulgence!

A child should never be taught to walk. Let it roll and crawl about until it gets old and strong enough to pull itself up into a standing position by holding on to a chair. Dreadful injuries are risked by teaching children to walk before their legs are strong enough to support the body. When old enough to exercise out of doors a child should be allowed to play freely in the open air and sing and shout and run as he pleases, thus developing the lungs and the muscles and strengthening the bones.

Don'ts for Bachelors. Don't marry a smart girl—she'll be loquacious. Don't marry an ignorant girl—she might never learn—her mistake. Don't marry a charitable girl—she might give you away. Don't marry a fast girl—you can't keep up with her. Don't marry a clairvoyant—you'll have to pay for the wraps. Don't marry a duchess—some one will call you a Dutchman. Don't marry a countess—everybody knows you will be no count.

SIMPLE OR FANCIFUL

JUNE DRESSES IN TWO DISTINCT CLASSES.

Simplicity (Somewhat Modified) Is the Key Note with Some of Them, While Others Are as Elaborate as Dressmakers Can Make Them.

New York Correspondence.

ONE finds fashionable women divided into two distinct classes of dressers. With one sort summer elaboration will appear to have gone to greater extremes than usual; with the other simplicity will represent the keynote, though the less fanciful sorts of trimmings may be employed freely and in original design. Even with the latter in evidence in marked degree, the costumes will stand out in contrast with the other sort. The elaboration of simplicity has a paradoxical sound, yet it applies to some of the prettiest of the forthcoming gowns. Their elaboration does not interfere with simplicity of outline, and they will enable women of fine figures to be handsomely attired without hiding all their graceful lines by skirts that are all frills from hem to belt, or by bodies that show arbitrary lines and unexpected fullnesses. A downright stylish woman is supposed to change her figure every season or two. It is a pity that it is not now reasonable to hope that these changes are at an end, for this season there is such a fine chance for normally graceful lines.

The pronounced hips of last spring have departed; likewise, alas! the very expensive corset that helped to accomplish the pinched waist and shelf hip. The chest must be high and well developed, the waist always small compared to Venus,

a soft weave of ladies' cloth. The quaint apron overdress was loose at the belt in front, making the gown an exception to the prevailing flatness. Its bodice of corded blue gray cloth demands a graceful young figure. Cloth flounces at the foot of the skirt gave the needed fullness. Such a dress will be useful in the house at any time of year, and will be suitable outdoors in spring and early summer.

Black net gowns are still in favor with the most exact dressers, but in the selection of such the utmost care should be exercised. A black net gown may be made to do valuable service, but the commonness that fell upon the spangled robe of last season should be a warning now to all purchasers. Delicate effects in chenille embroidery brightened by a few broad or striking effects in jet, silver or steel are among the latest and most conservative designs. All-over spangling is not used, though sometimes the silk under gown is headed all over in steel or jet, the beads glistening beautifully through the black net overgown. A gown of this grade that is in excellent taste has a picture. It was in chenille silk lawn, yoke, sleeves and a portion of the under-skirt being of black net chenille and embroidered in jet.

Very pretty low neck arrangements for summer evening gowns are accomplished by a wreath of delicate flowers, violets forget-me-nots or primroses in faint yellow. This wreath lies about the shoulders and droops in a graceful cut-out line front and back. The material of the bodice is draped loosely and folds are drawn up under the wreath between flowers and neck to make the bodice of the desired degree of lowness. The same folds droop below the shoulder to make the sleeve, the bare arm showing between fold and wreath as it passes over the shoulder. This lower sleeve finishes at the elbow with a deep frill. There never was a sleeve so friendly to an arm a little too slender or not well rounded, and those are the arms most current sleeves don't favor. It seems likely that in its many variations the sleeve will remain fashionable throughout the season.

Copyright, 1900. The Mistress' Touch. "Oh," sighed a weary woman, "most of the work that I do is like washing one's face! One receives no credit for



CORDING AS NOW APPLIED.

but not small enough to be uncomfortable. The figure there must be round, the out-curve at the back being just about the same as the out-curve of the hips. Indeed the round of the figure from below the waist at the back should be only a little more pronounced than that of the bust in front, and should extend over the hips without losing symmetry. There is a standard for you! Upon such a figure a woman may safely hang any style of the season, even one of absolute simplicity like the gown of gray cloth in the first sketch, whose applique lines of black velvet would be so trying to any but the required form.

The flat front bodice helps suggest these desirable lines. Reverses are so managed as to add width and roundness to the bust line, and the woman in the modified tailor gown of the moment, say like the coffee brown serge of the next pictured model, with its brown cording and rever of brown dotted silk, should be a graceful and natural figure. The only place the dress of the moment does not help us out is at the arm, and the tight sleeve certainly is cruel if the arm be not rounded and well shaped. But no one need insist on the sleeve of the moment. Many modified sleeves are worn, though the absolutely plain sleeve prevails for tailor gowns. Since one may elect to her liking simplicity of color, line and material, the fact that combinations and elaborations exist need not bother her. For a wardrobe including many gowns it is well to be able to command what women call a change, and in making over it is to the later fashions in combination of color, material and odd cut that women look for models.

Cording has suddenly become very popular. A recent rush to wide braids seems to have flashed in the pan so far as gowns for exclusive folk are concerned. Instead, the same effects are secured by close lines of fine braid, or more often and more stylishly, by fine cords. A large variety of designs is attainable in this way, and if cording is to be taken as a comprehensive term, there is hardly an end to the possibilities. At the right in this picture is a typical employment of soutache cord. Its shade was red, it was put thickly on white broadcloth, and this in turn was applied to dark red serge. Sometimes cording is accomplished by sewing the material over an under cording, the material thus being lifted in cord effect. In other cases silk cord is laid on the top of the material, as it was upon the bands of this dress.

Correctly considered as in the cording way was much of the ornamentation of the middle gown of these three, though it was quite unlike that employed on the two gowns last described. It was in lines of a violet shade, and was shaped in squares that enclosed an odd design of the weave. The goods thus treated was a blue-lilac light weight silk. The rest was

doing it, and yet it shows and is a disgrace if it is not done."

She might have added that only the lady and house mother would think of doing just the things she does, says Harper's Bazar. It is the trained eye of the mistress that notes the finger marks on the edge of the door, where it, instead of the knob, has been seized by not overclean hands. It is never Bridget or Norah who thinks to wash out the soap cups in the various bedrooms, or who remembers every few days to scald out the water pitchers, less they acquire a musty odor. And it is the mistress who dusts the upper back rungs of the chairs after Norah has given the drawing room a "thorough cleaning." Only the mistress discerns these things and sets them right. It is the lady housewife's touch and supervision that make of an ordinary house a true home. Since her little touches, that she feels do not show, bring about such results may she not be satisfied?

Remedy for Wrinkles. When fine lines begin to show under the eyes, procure a small package of fuller's earth and mix with it an equal quantity of wheat flour. Take a little of this and mix it into a paste with clear water. Spread it beneath the eyes and let it remain an hour, then moisten it and gently wipe it off. For wrinkles on other parts of the face make a paste of white wax and oil of sweet almonds and apply it as hot as can be borne, using a small pine stick for the purpose, that it may be applied to the line and nowhere else.—Woman's Home Companion.

Marriage Ages. The marrying age differs in different countries. In Turkey any boy and girl who can understand the religious service may marry. In Portugal, Spain, Switzerland and Hungary a "man" must be 14 years old and a "woman" 12 years old before they can marry. Protestants in Hungary must be 18 and 15 respectively. In Austria boys and girls may marry at 14. In France, Russia and Germany the man must be 18 and the woman 16.

Women at a University. There are now 322 women attending the University of Illinois at Urbana, by far the largest number in the history of the institution. In all the schools connected with the university there are 1,492 men.



This talk of war we're havin' now reminds me of the fun Some of us thought that war would be back there in '61; The woods were full of fellows then who hollered day and night, And tried to make the folks believe they fairly ached to fight, But when good Father Abraham sent out his call for men The fellows that had screamed before were mighty quiet then.

I never heard of Grant or Meade or Sheridan before The time arrived for men to act—till streams were red with gore; I never heard of any of the men who rose to fame Through gallant fightin' then, until the time for action came! I guess the Shermans and the Grants had nothin' much to say Before the day had come for men to plunge into the fray!

Now, there was Ebenezer Webb, who lived in our town; I tell you he knew how to put the worst rebellion down! For months and months before the time to shoulder muskets came He fairly howled for war and swore his soul was all aflame; But when that dismal day arrived that men were called to go The folks were shocked to hear that Eb had lost his little toe.

My cousin Cyrrus, too, was fierce before the war began; He ripped and tore and carried on just like a crazy man; He'd hang around the grocery store and tell what he would do If he was in Abe Lincoln's place—and folks believed him, too, And cheered the things he said, until the time for fightin' came— Then, by the great Jerusha, Cy pretended he was lame!

The only man from our town who won a pair of stars Was Henry Gray, who never claimed to be a Son of Mars; He'd merely stood around, without a war-like word to say, But when they wanted men to fight he boldly marched away! I have to smile when I recall some howlin' that was done Before the guns began to belch, back there in '61! —Cleveland Leader.

Thrilling Incident of a Night Attack. The following incident of the great civil war was related by the late President R. B. Hayes while en route from Chicago to Indianapolis in the fall of 1870:

"I have frequently been asked," said Gen. Hayes, "to tell the most thrilling experience that occurred to me during the four years in the volunteer army. It was in 1864 that the Army of West Virginia tried to capture Lynchburg, Va., but Gen. Lee rapidly sent a heavy force to drive us back, and it was thought best to fall back to the Kanawha Valley, where food and clothing would be had, and then go by the railroads to Winchester again. "Gen. Jubal Early's army was pressing our forces at every point, and I was ordered by Gen. George Crook, who commanded the division to check the enemy, until our wagon trains and artillery could get out of the way. A gap was chosen in the mountains, two or three regiments were ordered to build a barricade across the road in the gap, one regiment was sent up the mountain on the right and another on the left of the gap to protect the flanks; these regiments selected were accurate in firing as riflemen could be. "It was dark by the time all these preparations could be made; Gen. Crook was careful to give his instruction that the point must be held until the artillery and long wagon trains were beyond the reach of Early. Darkness, stillness and the mountains enveloped us. Finally an order came to march, to follow the army. Gen. Russell Hastings, my aid, was sent up the mountain on one side to direct the regiment to come down and take the pike in the rear of the brigade and march rapidly after the artillery. "Another of my staff, Maj. William McKinley (the President), was ordered to go up the mountain on the other side and direct the regiment to come down carefully and take the road in the rear of the breastworks. The duty was so perilous and of such great importance that the instructions were repeatedly given with the greatest care not to come down the mountain in front of the barricade, as in the darkness our men would fire into them. Col. Devol, who commanded the men behind the breastworks, fully understood the situation. It seemed hours while we were waiting for the regiments to come down the mountain. "I was walking from my horse to the line of men lying down with guns resting across the pike. All at once the clear, ringing command of Col. Devol was heard, 'Ready! Aim!' A thousand thoughts rushed upon me! Our men were coming down the mountain, and in the darkness were marching in front of the barricade. I tried to cry out to Col. Devol: 'They are our men—don't fire!' I rushed toward him and the line, ready to grab him and the men who were ready to fire. My soul was on fire. I was too choked to cry out: 'Our men! Our men! Don't fire! Don't fire!' but I was too late. Devol gave the order 'Fire!' and one vast volley of

guns roared out in the darkness. Groans and cries and curses followed. I jumped over the barricade, shouting to our men, loading their guns: 'Those are our men; don't fire!' But Col. Devol and his men tried to seize me, saying: 'They are rebels, Colonel; do not go over the breastworks.' I hurled them off, and seized the first wounded or dead man, yelling: 'To what regiment do you belong?' No answer. I grabbed another by the neck, turned him over and shouted: 'What regiment?' The road was full of them, and the man was wounded, but faintly answered, '—th Virginia; Early's Army!' Our men had come down the mountain under the guidance of Hastings and McKinley and gone on after the army. "Early's army had left us and gone toward Staunton; but the stragglers of his army had taken the wrong road and followed us. Some of them were killed and wounded, but I learned afterward that it was a severe lesson, their men not keeping up with the column; it was valuable to us in showing the danger of moving soldiers at night."—Chicago Tribune.

Pretty Story of Grant. "Certainly the story is authentic that President Grant once asked me if I could not raise the standard of beauty in the dead letter office," said Assistant Attorney General James N. Tyner, laughingly, "but the sequel to it has never been published. "The President was passing through the department and jokingly commented on the unattractive appearance of the clerks and quizzically inquired if I could not raise the standard of female beauty. "Naturally I regarded the matter as a jest and replied that I would be glad to do so, and was open to suggestions. "Why, employ one handsome woman and perhaps she will leave the whole loaf," he answered, and when I assented he inquired seriously: "Would you give a pretty girl an appointment if I sent her to you?" "Of course I would," I replied, never dreaming, however, that he was in earnest.

"But the next day a lovely young girl came into my office with a note from President Grant, simply asking me to fulfill my promise, without referring, however, to its character. I questioned her closely and found her as innocent and unsophisticated as she was pretty. She was a Southerner, and had lived on a plantation all her life, but wanted a government position, and, being backed by the President, I set her at work in the dead letter office. "While Grant was on his trip around the world I spent a couple of months with him in Paris, and one evening as we sat talking of the past I asked him if he remembered this young lady. "Certainly I do, for I have good cause to remember her," he responded cordially. "I intimated that I was satisfied there must be a story back of his appointment, and as he was in one of his rare reminiscent moods he related the following extraordinary experience: "It was just before the battle of the Wilderness that I mounted my horse and went for a ride. I was full of anxiety, and in my preoccupation went outside of our lines and found to my dismay that I was being chased. "My horse was a good one and I rode hard until I came to a little, half-concealed cabin, where I dismounted and said to a man that came to the door: "Are you a Confederate or a Union man?" "I am a Confederate," he answered proudly. "Well, sir, I am Gen. Grant; can you hide me for a little while, as I am being pursued?" "How do you know that I won't betray you?" he inquired curiously. "Because I trust your face," I replied, and without more ado he seized my horse by the bridle and we went into a deep ravine back of his home, where a moment later he left me, after bidding me to keep perfectly still. "It was a glorious moonlight night, and I could see every object distinctly. About 11 o'clock I heard the bushes crackle and for a moment my heart leaped for fear as my host came cautiously up behind me. "Have you betrayed me?" I inquired sharply. "No, sir," he replied almost harshly, "the pursuing party has passed, the coast is clear and you can return to your army."

"He put me on the right road, and as I jumped into the saddle I grasped his hand and tried to thank him. I told him that if I could serve him or his to let me know. "I never saw him again, but the day you spoke to me his daughter came to me with a letter from her father, who is very poor, reminding me of my promise. And this," concluded Gen. Grant, "was the sole reason I wanted to raise the standard of female beauty in the dead letter office."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cheap Photographic Making. I send these directions for making inexpensive and serviceable trays suitable for developing, toning, or fixing, says Harper's Round Table. Take a shallow pasteboard box—an empty plate box is about the right depth—and paste cloth over the corners, both inside and out. Have a quantity of paraffine-wax, and melt it in a shallow dish, and dip the box into it, coating it thoroughly with the wax, taking special care that the corners are well filled. If the coating, when hard, does not seem thick enough, it can be dipped the second time. One must have enough wax to allow the box to be immersed in it all over. Paraffine-wax is very cheap, costing not over 10 cents per pound. Two pounds will coat a number of 5x8 plate boxes. When the wax is hard, the tray is ready for use.